Britaines Honour.

In the two Valiant *Welchmen*, who fought againſt ſifteene thouſand *Scots*, at their now comming to *England* paſſing over *Tyne*; whereof one was kill'd manfully fighting againſt his foes, and the other being taken Priſoner, is now (upon relaxation) come to Yorke to his Majeſtie.

The tune is, *How now Mars &c.*

YOu noble Brittaines bold and hardy,
That luſtily are deriv'd from Brute,
Who were in battell ne're found tardy,
But ſtill will fight for your repute;
'gainſt any bee,
What e'r a'be,
Now for your credit liſt to me,
Two Welchmens valour you ſhall ſee.

Theſe two undaunted Trojan worthies,
(Who priz'd honour more then life,)
With Royall Charles, who in the North is,
To ſalve (with care) the ulcerous ſtrife;
Which frantick ſots,
With conſcious ſpots,
Bring on their ſoules; theſe two hot ſhots,
Withſtood full fifteene thouſand Scots.

The manner how ſhall be related,
That all who are King Charles his friends
May be with courage animated,
Unto ſuch honourable ends;
Theſe cavaliers,
Both Muſquetiers,
Could never be poſſeſt with feares,
Though the Scots Army nigh appeares.

Within their workes neere Tyne intrench'd
Some of our Soveraignes forces lay;
When the Scots Army came, they flinched,
And on good cauſe retyr'd away;
Yet blame them not,
For why the Scot,
Was five to one, and came ſo hot,
Nothing by ſtaying could be got.

Yet theſe two Partialiſſo ſo famous,
One to another thus did ſay;
Report hereafter ſhall not ſhame us,
Let Welchmen ſcorne to runne away;
Now for our King.
Let's doe a thing.
Whereof the world ſhall loudly ring
Unto the grace of our off-ſpring.

The vaunting Scot ſhall know what valour,
Doth in a Britains breſt reſide:
They ſhall not bring us any dolour;
But firſt wee'll tame ſome of their pride.
What though we dy,
Both thee and I:
Yet this we know aſſuredly,
In life and death ther's victory.

Britaines Honour.

In the two Valiant *Welchmen*, who fought againſt ſifteene thouſand *Scots*, at their now comming to *England* paſſing over *Tyne*; whereof one was kill'd manfully fighting againſt his foes, and the other being taken Priſoner, is now (upon relaxation) come to Yorke to his Majeſtie.

The tune is, *How now Mars &c.*

YOu noble Brittaines bold and hardy,
That luſtily are deriv'd from Brute,
Who were in battell ne're found tardy,
But ſtill will fight for your repute;
'gainſt any bee,
What e'r a'be,
Now for your credit liſt to me,
Two Welchmens valour you ſhall ſee.

Theſe two undaunted Trojan worthies,
(Who priz'd honour more then life,)
With Royall Charles, who in the North is,
To ſalve (with care) the ulcerous ſtrife;
Which frantick ſots,
With conſcious ſpots,
Bring on their ſoules; theſe two hot ſhots,
Withſtood full fifteene thouſand Scots.

The manner how ſhall be related,
That all who are King Charles his friends
May be with courage animated,
Unto ſuch honourable ends;
Theſe cavaliers,
Both Muſquetiers,
Could never be poſſeſt with feares,
Though the Scots Army nigh appeares.

Within their workes neere Tyne intrench'd
Some of our Soveraignes forces lay;
When the Scots Army came, they flinched,
And on good cauſe retyr'd away;
Yet blame them not,
For why the Scot,
Was five to one, and came ſo hot,
Nothing by ſtaying could be got.

Yet theſe two Partialiſſo ſo famous,
One to another thus did ſay;
Report hereafter ſhall not ſhame us,
Let Welchmen ſcorne to runne away;
Now for our King.
Let's doe a thing.
Whereof the world ſhall loudly ring
Unto the grace of our off-ſpring.

The vaunting Scot ſhall know what valour,
Doth in a Britains breſt reſide:
They ſhall not bring us any dolour;
But firſt wee'll tame ſome of their pride.
What though we dy,
Both thee and I:
Yet this we know aſſuredly,
In life and death ther's victory.

The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

With this unbounded reſolution.
Theſe branches of Cadwalader;
To put their wills in execution,
Out of their trenches would not ſtir,
But all night lay,
And would not ſtray,
Out of the worke, and oth'nexſt day,
The Scots paſt o'r in Battell aray.

The hardy Welchmen that had bowed,
Like Jonathan unto his David;
Unto the Scots themſelves they ſhowed,
And ſo couragiouſly behaved
Themſelves that they
Would ne'r give way,
But in deſpite oth' foe would ſtay,
For nothing could their minds diſmay.

Even in the Jawes of death and danger
Where fifteene thouſand was to two,
They ſtill ſtood to't and (which is ſtranger)
More then themſelves they did ſubdue
Courage they cry'd;
Lets ſtill abide,
Let Brittaines fame be dignifi'd,
When two the Scottiſh hoaſts deſi'de.

At length (when he two Scots had killed)
One of them brauely loſt his life,
His ſtrength and courage few excelled;
Yet all muſt yéld toth' fatall knife.
The other hee,
Having ſlaine three,
Did Priſoner yéld himſelfe to be,
But now againe he is ſet frée.

This is the ſtory of theſe victors,
Who as they ſprung oth' Troians race,
So they did ſhew like, two young Hectors;
Unto their enemies diſgrace;
Hereafter may,
Times children ſay,
Two valiant Welchmen did hold play,
With fifteene thouſand Scots that day.

His Maieſty in Princely manner,
To give true vertue it's reward;
The man ſurviving more to honour,
Hath in particular regard.
Thus valiant deeds,
Reward ſucceeds,
And from that branch, which valour breeds,
All honourable fruit proceeds.

Now ſome may ſay (I doe confeſſe it)
That all ſuch deſperate attempts
Spring only from foole hardineſſe; yet
Who ever this rare deed crempts,
From valour true,
(if him I knew)
I would tell him (and 'twere but due)
Such men our Soveraigne hath too few.

For ſurely tis a rare crample,
Who now will feare to fight with ten,
When theſe two lads (with courage ample)
Oppoſed fifteene thouſand men,
Then heigh for Wales,
Scots ſtrike your Sayles,
For all your praiers nought prevailes,
True Brittains ſcorne to turne their tayles.

FINIS. M. P.

London Printed by E. G. and are to be ſold at the Horſe-Shooe in Smith-field.